

A N  
A N S W E R  
T O

A Narrative of Facts, &c.

LATELY PUBLISHED

By Mr. HENRY BURGUM.

As far as relates to the Character of W. PINE.

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A man that is above direction,  
Lays bare his back to sad correction;  
And he that will not take advice,  
But shuts, when he should ope his eyes,  
Is soon or later sure to feel  
His own disgrace—as sharpen'd steel:  
And when in dudgeon he's entrap'd,  
Too late laments his own mishap.

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B R I S T O L:

Printed in the YEAR, M.DCC.LXXV.

W. S. W. R.

A Narrative of the

BY MR. HENRY BURTON.



B. R. S. T. O. L.

Printed in the Year 1841.

## TO MR. HENRY BURGUM.

I HAVE read your "*Narrative of Facts*" published last Saturday, and am sorry to have the occasion to declare, that in the accusations brought there against me, it is a *Narrative of Falshoods*.

I leave *Thistlethwaite* to answer for himself; who is as great a stranger to me as he is to you.—And shall only attend to those points wherein Mr. Burgum, "as a Tradesman, a member of Society, an honest man! and a Christian!" has most basely and insidiously attempted to calumniate my character, with no other view than to brighten his own.

You say respecting your advertisement of the second of January, that "Mr. Pine told my clerk who carried it to his Printing-Office, that he did not chuse to insert it. I sent a second time and insisted upon its going into his paper: he then sent me word that he wished I would alter and mollify it, and withal THREATENED that if I made it public I should hear of it again in such a manner as would not be altogether agreeable to me, and that he wanted to speak with me: upon this I desired my partner Mr. Cateott to wait on him with my compliments and acquaint him that I paid no regard to his threats, and that if he did not immediately insert the advertisement, a copy should be directly carried to Mr. Cocking's, there printed off in hand bills and distributed through the city, with the addition of a N. B. setting forth, that the above advertisement had been carried to Mr. Pine's to be inserted in his newspaper, but was refused.—After all this trouble Mr. Pine condescended to insert it."

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In answer<sup>3</sup> to which, I say in the first place, with all the solemnity of an oath, that I never told your clerk, "*I did not chuse to insert it.*"

I say again, with the same solemnity, that I never "*THREATENED, if you made it public you SHOULD hear of it again, in such a manner as would not be altogether agreeable to you.*"

And, respecting the message sent by Mr. Catcott, your partner, (if any such was sent) he either lost it by the way, or forgot to deliver it; for he never said any such thing to me.

The whole transaction was as follows, (as near as I can recollect) which I declare in the most solemn manner.

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When your clerk gave me the advertisement, I expressed a particular concern, and said, "*I wish Mr. Burgum would not print this advertisement; for I am afraid it will bring on disputes in the papers, &c. that will be disagreeable to him; and therefore tell Mr. Burgum, that I should be very glad to see him: as I believe I could put him into a method of exculpating himself, without hazarding any future altercation.*"—He left me with this message; and returned in a few minutes, saying, "*Mr. Burgum is just going out of town; he says he has wrote nothing but the truth, and insists on its being put into your paper just as it is; or he will have some hand-bills printed and distributed about the town immediately.*"—I replied to the clerk, "*I had no objection in the world to insert it, but on Mr. Burgum's account.*" I moreover repeated, "*it is my interest to insert it; and as he chuses to have it put in the paper in that manner, it shall go in with all my heart.*"—And immediately I took it up into my office, and ordered it to be composed.—Sometime after, Mr. Catcott came in, (and it appeared to me rather accidentally than otherwise) and said, "*Mr. Burgum is determined to prosecute Thistlethwaite if he publishes the Poem,*"

" but



"but if not he will give him Five Guineas." I told him, "I had nothing to do with *Thislethwaite*; but should have been glad to have seen Mr. Burgum before he went out of town this morning." He asked me, "Whether I had not received an advertisement about it?" I told him, "I had;" and expressed my concern to him on Mr. Burgum's account, nearly to the same effect as I did to the clerk.

So that after taking a good deal of pains in the *most friendly* manner, to remove a burden from Mr. Burgum's shoulders, and to prevent his running his head against a Post, he very genteelly repays me, and all this under the specious character of "*a Tradesman, an honest man! and a Christian!*"—O shame! where is thy blush!

But this is not all. Mr. Burgum's motives for publishing the said "*Narrative of Facts*," (as he calls it) was to support his Reputation; to stand fair in the eyes of posterity; and to prevent his children execrating the pious memory of an infamous or profligate father.—But pray Mr. Burgum, how will your *present* reputation stand with the public?—How will it stand in the annals of posterity?—How will your children reflect on it with disgrace?—When they are told, that under the mask of an *honest man* and a *Christian*, you basely attempted to stab the character of a brother Tradesman, (not less *immaculate* than your own) and to fix the very stigma on him which you had so industriously endeavoured to throw off from yourself?

As to the charge brought against me, in the last page of your book, of a palpable falsehood, or LYE, (a genteel Epithet, with which your production abounds) on the evidence of your *sagacious* partner, Mr. Catcott, it lays me under the necessity of relating the particular circumstance; by which the public will discover that the *falsehood* there so plausibly detected, is, like many other of the *Lyes* in your pamphlet; an undoubted TRUTH.—The case was as follows; Mr. Catcott had at

different

different times, called at my house, or stopp'd me in the street, to make enquiry about the *Consultation*; complaining of the length of time it was in coming out, &c. &c. And I very well remember, that the last time he spoke to me on the head, he said, that he thought it hard, that he could not have one as well as other people; for that it had been out some time, he had been informed by persons who had seen it.—I told him, I knew nothing of its being *published*, and wondered that he should apply to me, as it was advertised to be sold *only* by the author. “*Why* (said he) *you have printed it, haven't you?*” “*No*, (said I,) *I have NOT printed it.*” On which we parted. And this I declare to be a very exact account of the whole transaction. And I do most solemnly aver, that it was some days after that, before I ever saw one of the pamphlets, or have reason to believe that it was printed; therefore, if I had said unto him, *that I had printed it*, I should really have told a falsehood. So that I would advise Mr. Burgum, that whenever he sets about that *laudable employ* of taking away another person's character; he would examine his materials, not according to *appearances*, or *caprice*, but according to *truth*; that the dirt he wishes so copiously to load on the head of another, may not revert upon his own.

Whoever was the Printer of the *Consultation*, as well as his motives for doing it; are questions equally impertinent for Mr. Burgum to ask: and betray his ignorance as much as his unkind reflections on me do the truth of his pretensions to the character of an *honest man* and a *Christian*.

Mr. Burgum's concerns in three different Trades, (as he gravely tells us at the end of his performanc<sup>c</sup>) ought to have taught him something of the nature of business. And if he had been capable of reflection, he might have known that the business of a *Printer* is almost as delicate as that of a *Distiller*. And I suppose by this time he knows, that there are *secrets* in that business, which he would not be willing even for an *Exciseman* to know, much less *all the world*:

I might

I might with equal propriety call upon him to give an account to the public, of his reasons for selling of Spirituous Liquors to Stews and Brothels, which have a manifest tendency to intoxicate the senses, and encourage Lewdness and Debauchery. And might retort, "*Can it be for a little dirty gain! O fie! O fie! Cursed meanness! Vile hypocrisy!*"— But I forbear: for the present I spare him. However, altho' he should plead ignorance of his own duty, I will tell him, that he is to be understood to be part of mine.

*First*, That it is as generally allowed, that a Printer's business is, to print any book to which the author puts his Name; as it is for a Jeweller to sell his pots, or a Distiller his drama, to any person that will pay him the money.

*Secondly*, That the method of an author's delivering his copy to a Printer, is not the whole together, but in different parts, just as may be necessary to go on with the work; and that it is not one book in twenty that the Printer has an opportunity of seeing the whole copy, till the last proof.

*Thirdly*, That it would be as highly impertinent in a Printer to say to an Author, "Sir, I suspect your bad intentions; or that you are a Scoundrel, &c. and therefore will not begin your book 'till I have had the perusal of all your copy;" as it is for Mr. Burgum to fall on the Printer of a pamphlet, to which the Author's name appears, and opprobriously to reflect on him for the contents of the same.

Many more instances might be given to prove the absurdity of such a procedure, as well as to shew that Printers are not even acquainted with the different subjects they have in hand, but as they go on with the work; and consequently cannot be competent judges of any such performances 'till they are finished. And besides, Mr. Burgum himself knows, notwithstanding all his rancourous insinuations, that the business of a

Printer



Printer is of a *secret* nature; and that *he himself* has more than once sought protection under its friendly shade.

Therefore, publicly to charge me with the printing a Piece to which my name does not appear, and thereby (as well as by a variety of unkind reflections) to attempt to fix an odium on my character, which you had been at so much pains to remove from your own, is a transaction so *black* with iniquity, that had *Thistlethwaite* dedicated ten *Consultations* also, and you had never said a word about any one of them; you would not have incurred one hundredth part of the complicated guilt you have now brought upon yourself; and which the impartial public must remember to your everlasting infamy. For after all your pompous declarations of your tender regard to preserve the *good-will of your Fellow-citizens*, and the desirable character of an *honest man*, and a *Christian*; that you should act so diametrically opposite both to the one and the other, is a proof that you are at least "*as compleat an HYPOCRITE*" as any Printer in England,—and how much greater I leave the public to determine, to whose tribunal we both appeal.

WILLIAM PINE.

BRISTOL, Feb. 14. 1775.

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